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the

Diamond



"Where is it?"

1962

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Symphony

Unless

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Justice

Around The Bay

To Be Loved

Let Us Read

Show Time

Humour

Letters To The Editor

TO OUR READERS...

The editor would like to thank all those dearly beloved subscribers who took his suggestion last month and renewed their subscription to the Diamond. It was a great help, not so much to the editor, or to his staff, but to the Diamond as a magazine.

Also, the editor would like to thank all the inmates who opened their change purses to buy subscriptions. During the course of one year, one month, one week, one day, or even one hour, the editor receives loud and lamentable complaints about the quality of the Diamond and the content therein. "Should be more humour", "When's the next issue comin' out?" "Why don't you put my picture in?" There are also manifold jokes and snide references about the Diamond. "It's not as good as the toilet paper in my cell", and this sort of comment. But when it comes time for the inmates to support the Diamond, they do this with flying colours, and we appreciate it.

You are the readers, both outside and inside subscribers, and if you have any suggestions as to how we might improve the Diamond; then by all means let us know about it. We are open to any and all suggestions, and we will give them all equal consideration.

Pecuniary support is necessary, but so is criticism.

In January, The Diamond's Toronto correspondent (alias the churl of Mortgage Manor) inadvertently attended a rehearsal of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. The experience convinced him there is no justice.

SYMPHONY

by

Lex Schrag,

He was waddling north on the west side of Victoria St., minding his own business and considering whether he could touch one of the few passersby for the price of a cup of coffee. He had no intention of going anywhere near any orchestra, symphonic or otherwise, when he spotted a tall, muscular gentleman with large shoes approaching from the opposite direction.

Instinctively, the churl scuttled into the nearest doorway, which happened to be that of the Massey Hall offices. A lady at the reception counter looked up and said "Yes sir?" in a rather pointed manner.

"Uh," the churl explained, "Ah — that is — er — I'm the music critic of the Mumble Buzzle Hmmm. Just wondered if I could — ah — look in on a rehearsal."

"What paper did you say?" the lady inquired, a bit doubtfully.

"The Mumble Buzzle Hmmm," the churl repeated. "We publish in Bent Elbow, Newfoundland. Just happened to be in Toronto, and I've heard some wonderful things about the Toronto Symphony."

"Oh, I guess it would be all right," said the receptionist, brightening up a bit. "I'll get Mr. Smith to take you out to the auditorium. The orchestra is working with Theodore Bloomfield of Rochester this morning. May I have your name, please?"

"Brown," the churl promptly replied,

on the principle that what people don't know won't get them all excited.

The receptionist spoke into a telephone and within a few minutes, Mr. Smith came to her desk. She turned to the churl.

"Mr. Smith," she said, "this is Mr. —. Oh, sorry, but I've forgotten your name."

"Jones," supplied the churl.

The lady looked puzzled.

"It seemed to me," she mused, "you said it was Brown."

"I did," the churl cheerfully returned. "My full name is Jones Brown — Jones is the given name."

"Well, come along Mr. Brown," said Mr. Smith. "I'll be glad to answer any questions you like to ask in the next half-hour."

On the way to the auditorium, the churl noticed a large and oddly-shaped case

"You keep mummies here?" he asked Mr. Smith.

"That," said Mr. Smith, coldly, "is a case for a bass viol."

The churl buttoned his lip until he was seated in the auditorium.

The orchestra was sawing, tooting and banging away like crazy. There was a man in a green velvet jacket standing up front on a raised platform thrashing away at them with a little stick, and threatening different performers with his left fist. There was a lot of noise, but the churl didn't make much sense of it.

"Say," he said to Mr. Smith, "they take a long time to get tuned up, don't they?"

"They are playing part of Roussel's Bacchus and Ariadne Suite No. 2," said Mr. Smith in decidedly hostile tones.

"Oh," said the churl, uneasily. "I was just kidding, you know."

"I guess," he went on, "one of those boys on the bull fiddle makes pretty good money. Looks like he's working real hard."

"The first violins are considered somewhat more important," retorted Mr. Smith. "Do you have a symphony orchestra in your city, Mr. Brown?"

"City?" chuckled the churl. "Heck, you could hardly call Bent Elbow a village, let alone a city. We got the Herring Hauler' combo, that's all."

"And you write criticisms of their work for your paper?" frowned Mr. Smith.

"Well, not exactly criticisms," the churl admitted. "You see, Goliath Crunch plays the harmonica with the Herring Haulers, and he just doesn't like criticism — so I tell the boys they should be in Carnegie Hall."

"And what," asked Mr. Smith in an ominous voice, "do you think of the Toronto Symphony?"

"Well, now," the churl soothed him, "I think they'd have a real ball with the Squid Catchers' Reel."

"Mr. Brown," snapped Mr. Smith, "I think you need some fresh air. Come along!"

The churl found himself on Victoria St. again. The tall, muscular man with the large shoes was leaning against the doorpost. He put a heavy hand on the churl's arm. The churl winced.

"Say, friend," said the tall, muscular man with the large shoes, "can you spare a buck for a cup of coffee?"

"A buck?" gulped the churl.

"Yeah, a buck! I like a dash of brandy in it," the tall, muscular man explained.

WHAT'S in the LIBRARY

On Wednesday and Friday evenings, the inmate population are confined to their cells; a time designated for studying, reading and writing to loved ones. If one has nothing to study or does not need the entire evening to write a letter, then he must turn to reading to pass the night. Frequently this is difficult.

Wednesdays and Fridays are usually loud days, complaining days. Just before lock-up, one can hear the inmates complaining: "I sent them up my card today and they didn't send me any books!" or "Look at this will you. I got eighty books marked on my card and they sent me one that is not marked! One that I don't want." or "Half the d--- pages are torn out of this book."

Books, especially the classics and major works of the greater contemporary authors can be the most enjoyable remedy for almost any mental sore, and can also be the greatest master of education. These beautiful elixers are of greatest value perhaps to the confined man, and yet the institutional library here is all but void of the majority of great works.

Now, we do not place the entire blame upon the librarian or any of his cohorts for this negligence. We place the blame also on the inmates who have destroyed some of the great books

which have dwelt here in the past; books that had pages torn from them or passages underlined or lewd pictures sketched on their pages. This is not intelligent, it is not funny, it is not even stupid or ignorant. This is base, vile, sick and pitiful. If an inmate wants to sketch, let him come to The Diamond Office and he can have some paper, or let him go to the library. Certainly they will issue him some paper. And another thing; always return your books to the library. Don't pass them on and forget about them, because somewhere along the line there's always someone who hordes the better books away.

Now we come to the important question: *Why does our library not enjoy the presence of more classical writers, and especially of the major works of the greater contemporary authors?*

Salinger, Saroyan, Hemingway, Joyce, Hardy, Mann, these and myriads of others are practically unrepresented in our library. Why? The reason is that the books for our library are bought by volume without judgment or selectivity. That is why we cannot obtain the finest; that is why we must continue to read second rate literature, that is why some of the inmates do not read!

What is the point of accumulating volumes and volumes of poor literature? Books that in all probability will never be read from front to back, and if they are, will serve no benefit to the reader save perhaps as an elementary reader for grade students.

Deny us the thoughts of the masters, the phraseologies of the poets, the descriptions of the life explainers, and the experiences of great men?

Deny us then our daily bread.

INMATE
COMMITTEE
ELECTED

by

Inmate Population

The annual election to vote into power (?) a three man inmate committee at this institution was held on March 2. The three were elected via a democratic vote as a near record of three hundred and forty inmates, or seventy-five percent of the overall population went to the polls. Official ballot slips were printed for the election, and Mr. Hub Macey supervised the depositing of the ballots to make sure that there were no illegal proceedings. This year there were six candidates campaigning for election and the official ballot count was: Joe Houska 262 votes, Bill Hardman 239, Bruce Beechener 220, Omar Wilson 95, Jack Reville

64, Bill Parcells 56.

When all expected ballots had been submitted on March 2, the ballot box was escorted to the officer's recreation room where the ballots were tolled by Keeper H.S. Smith, Hospital Officer Goode, Stockkeeper Mr. Boyd Steele, and the six inmate candidates. The ballots were pulled from the box by Mr. Macey and were called out by Rev. Canon Minto Swan, the Protestant Chaplain. After the ballots were counted and the counts checked to everyone's satisfaction, the inmates present were treated to a coke by Hub Macey.

The three successful candidates, Houska, Hardman, and Beechener, ran on the same platform; a platform which, in essence, contested that a committee, must work, act, and think as a committee, and not as a group of individuals. The committee, they contended, must work together, through differences of opinion and through disagreements, and must finally emerge from differences as a committee with the basic thought in mind that their duty is to further the interests of the inmates, and not their interests as individuals, their interests as a triumvirate, or the interests of an influential clique or minority. *If* they adhere to their original policy, they will no doubt meet with some success during the year. We hope so.

During the month-long campaign, the candidates passed slips out to the inmates advertising their abilities, and in the final week of the campaign, the candidates were permitted to give election speeches over the institution radio. These speeches were all recorded on tape and before broadcast, the deputy warden listened to the tapes and then added a few comments of his own.

The duties of a committee man are nicely summed up by the words *organize* and *represent*. The committee act as representatives of the inmate majority in meetings with the administration, with penal dignitaries and with civilian visitors. The committee also organizes the inmates' sports and recreation programmes, sponsors fund raising campaigns, and accepts full responsibility for the upkeep of recreation facilities.

Another duty of the committee is to approach Mr. Macey and Mr. Smith with mild complaints, suggestions, and sometimes if they are overly inept, demands about activities or policies which directly concern the inmates; extra privileges that they might desire, requests for extra sports equipment, or perhaps some policy which they wish to have renovated or abolished.

The latter duty can be extremely frustrating. This is so because the committee can obtain only what the administration will allow it, nothing more and nothing less. The committee is an intermediary between the administration and the inmates. As Mr. Smith stated over the election tape, "The job of a committee man is difficult. He has four hundred and fifty inmates against him, and he has two hundred and three officials against him. The committee man is the immediate centre, and this, in my estimation, is not an enviable position."

The committee must spar and duel with the administration numerous times during the course of a year and very infrequently do they ever come away satisfied. If a definite no is issued by the administration; then there is very little valid argument that the committee can offer.

If the inmate is meek before the administration; then they trod upon him, and when this happens, it is the necessary incentive for the inmates to attack him. If the committee is persistent in its haranguing; then it is perhaps looked down upon by the administration or classed as being hostile. If the committee does or gets something for the population; then it is a fine committee for that day, and forever after forgotten. If the committee, however, meets with little success, and effects the institution of only a few trifling innovations; then it is never permitted to forget that it is a failure.

The committee must endure the moods of the administration, and it must endure the jeers, complaints, questions, sarcasm, and disrespect of the inmates. Frequently a man on the committee will find that he has lost friends because he has not overnight effected any startling renovations.

Many inmates will snidely refer to the committee, behind the back of the committee, as stupid or incapable, or any of a thousand less intelligent and less printable adjectives, but let these same inmates stand in the position of the committee, and let them stand before the rulers of our humble destiny, arguing vainly for some extra privilege that will benefit the inmate majority. Do any of you think that you could do a better job? Not really!

If you are struck suddenly with the urge to revile your committee; try looking at yourself with the same critical eye as you look at it. You might not like what you see!

The Diamond wishes this year's committee good luck.....

They'll need it!

FARM CAMP OPENS

On Monday, February 26, Canada took another bold but calculated forward step in the advancement of her Penal Operations when the Collin's Bay Farm Camp was given its official opening.

In attendance at the opening ceremonies were the Hon. E. Davie Fulton, Minister of Justice, Mr. Allan J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries, Mr. T. George Street, Chairman of the National Parole Service, Mr. B. Allmark, Member of Parliament for the Kingston area, and Mr. Kemp, President of Kemp Construction, which company was responsible for the building of the camp.

Also attending the ceremony were distinguished members of the clergy, members of the judiciary and penal dignitaries from the neighbouring institutions. There was well in excess of one hundred guests, the very least of which were reporters from Ontario's greater newspapers, roving reporters from local radio and television stations, and the esteemed Diamond reporter.

Beginning the ceremony, which was held in the light filled and spacious inmates' dining-recreation room, the camp superintendent, Mr. M.J. Reid welcomed the guests on behalf of the institution and its staff, and then introduced penitentiary warden V.S.J. Richmond.

Mr. Richmond in turn introduced the honoured guests and then called upon Mr. B. Allmark.

Mr. Allmark, in introducing the guest speaker, the Hon. E. Davie Fulton, described some of Mr. Fulton's exploits and expressed the appreciation of the people of Kingston for the employment which the new camp had offered the people of Kingston.

Replying to Mr. Allmark, Mr. Fulton said that he certainly did appreciate the sentiments of the Kingston people, but that the employment aspect was of a secondary nature. Mr. Fulton then went on to give a brief resumé of Canada's Penal history which, he agreed, was none too bright. Mr. Fulton described the old penal system as fruitless and a waste of time; a system under which penitentiaries were 'gloomy fortresses', places where the offender was "out of sight, out of mind" and nothing more. The old system abided by no principle save punishment, it had no treatment available to offenders, and it caused nothing but bitterness on the inmate's part, said Mr. Fulton.

Continuing, Mr. Fulton said that, in 1956, after several meetings of a Correctional Planning Committee, headed by Mr. Allan J. MacLeod, the new concept of penology evolved. This new concept, he said, aimed at serving not only the inmate, but also the society from which he had been ostracized. Under the new system there are three basic aims: to provide effective detention and facilities for reform and rehabilitation, to employ a competent, well trained staff who are ready, able and willing to deal with the various problems of the institution and the individual, and to maintain a diversified custodial system.

Referring again to the farm camp, Mr. Fulton said that "farm camps are primarily designed for only those inmates who manifest a desire to cooperate and work with the penitentiary staff." The ultimate aim, said Mr. Fulton, was to show these men that they could work, and to influence their acceptance of work as a means of earning a living.

Mr. Fulton also said that they had only begun. "Much is yet to be done."

Following the speech by Mr. Fulton, Allan J. MacLeod presented Mr. M.J. Reid with an oversized key to the farm camp, after which, Mr. Reid invited the guests to tour the premises.

At this point, a very shaky few bars of O'Canada was played via a tape recorder.

On the basement floor of the camp building, there is the kitchen, clean bright, and with the newest equipment and utensils. Beside the kitchen is the inmates' dining room.

Also on the first floor is the officers' recreation room, a beautiful little office-like room with leather covered lounge chairs, a sofa, a shining new hi-fi record cabinet and a television set. Further along on the first floor are offices, a barber shop, shower rooms, and a coat room.

On the second floor there are two large dormitories which will sleep forty-four men each. Between these dormitories are small rooms which are to be "quiet" rooms or reading rooms. There are also showers adjacent to the sleeping area.

The farm camp will employ the following daily hours of routine:

Schedule for Work Days Monday to Friday inclusive

	Hours
Revielle	6:30 or 0630
Roll Call	0640
Breakfast	0700
Proceed to Work	0800
Return from Work	1145
Dinner	1200 - 1225
Proceed to Work	1250
Return from Work	1645
Supper	1700 - 1725
Recreation	1800 - 2300
Roll Call	2315
Lights Out	2315

Schedule for Week Ends Saturday, Sundays and Holidays

Revielle	0730
Roll Call	0740
Breakfast	0800 - 0825
General Clean Up	0900 - 1145
Dinner Served	1200 - 1225
Recreation	1300 - 1645
Supper	1700 - 1725
Recreation	1800 - 2300
Roll Call	2305
Lights Out	2330

To this schedule a note is affixed. The note says:

There will be a volunteer church attendance on Sundays, for Protestant and Catholic inmates, times of which will be announced on the notice boards.

Visiting will not take place during the working week, and visits will not proceed beyond 1600 hours.

ACTUAL CASE HISTORIES



PROFILE

1928 was a poor year for John. It was the year that he was born. It was also the year that his mother died in child birth.

The first vivid memory in John's mental warehouse is that of his father, grey and tired looking, sitting in the living room of their little home, reading John a story. Then John remembered his father tucking him into bed. He remembered that the next day, and for many days, an old lady came to their home to take care of John. She was a nice old lady, and she was pleasant and kind to John. The old lady took care of John for 3 years.

John remembers starting to school. He was rather afraid of it at first, but his father took him to the school the first morning, and introduced him to all the teachers, who smiled and asked him silly little questions. After a while John did not mind school. As a matter of fact, he began to like it.

THE THIRD IN A SERIES

by

The Editorial Staff

The thing John liked most, however, was to be alone with his father. His father was a simple man; a man of simple tastes and of strong feelings. He loved John very much and went out of his way to give the boy everything that he could possibly want. John grew to be a strong child. He played all the scholastic sports and some that weren't under school direction.

He remembers graduating from public school. He was fourteen then. In high school, things were about the same. He got good grades and tried as hard as he could to make his father proud of him. And his father was proud of him. He played football on the high school team and he took part in most of the social and athletic activities which were available to all students.

John could almost feel, even at this early age, that his father was living only for him. His father was revelling in John's life, but was doing nothing with his own. He would give John any money that he had, although John never asked for it unless he really needed it. His father never went anywhere. He just stayed home and read and waited for his son. He liked, more than anything, to talk with his son, and John too, liked to talk with his father.

In his third year of high school, John began looking for something. He did not know what it was. He still played football and all the sports. He still attended the school social activities. He still talked with his father, but something was missing. John began to go out at nights. He began to walk the streets. He was not unhappy, but he was strangely lonely. His father perceived that something was wrong and he had a good, long talk with the boy. John and his father talked over the

problem, and they came to the conclusion that this thing that was eating at John's insides was a phase of life through which every human must pass. They talked together into the early morning hours. They talked as friends and perhaps as scientists. John had nothing to hide from his father, but the thing that was his problem was hidden also from himself.

John continued to attend school and he passed through his third year with honours. During the summer, John worked at a grocery store, not because he needed the money, but because he needed something to do; something to keep him occupied. At the store, John handled the cash sometimes, piled crates and boxes, ran messages, and swept floors. At night when he came home, he would talk with his father for a while, and then go to his room and read.

During this summer, John met a girl. She was, he thought, a nice girl. He went with her for several weeks, during which time he came to know her intimately. This bothered him. Now he had something to hide from his father, and from the world. The girl now came to be a symbol of evil to John, and he found all the little things that she did — wrong. He knew that he liked her very much, but he knew also that she was coming between him and his father, so he divorced their relationships, and returned to his father. The girl was sad and sorry, and so was John. but he clung to the thought that he had done what was right, and he was determined not to depart from the right again.

John never went anywhere anymore. He went to work, returned, talked with his father, and went to his room to read, and to think. His father sensed

that something was wrong, but he hoped that in time, John would tell him about it.

John became sullen and angry with himself and the world. The only thing, he thought, that was good in the world, was his father. His father was worried about his son's behaviour, and one night, just before John was to return to school, he asked the boy what was bothering him. The boy shrugged it off and said that there was nothing bothering him, but his father knew different. Was it that he did not want to return to school? No. Was it that he needed some money or equipment? No. Was it an affair of the heart. — Well, . . . John stuttered and stammered for several seconds before he found the courage to answer his father.

Yes, it was, he confessed, an affair of the heart. Filled with shame and passion. John told his father the story. He told him what his feelings were. He broke down and cried. He felt like dying, he said. He was sorry, he said.

His father smiled. He told the boy that there was nothing wrong with such a relationship, that is was only normal in this day and age. He spoke softly and sympathetically to the boy, and the boy listened intently. His father told him that he had done the same thing when he was a boy. He told John that if he really liked the girl, he should return to her. His father would like to meet the girl. His father went on to tell him of the fragility of young love, and also to convince him that he had not betrayed himself or his father or the world, but that he had fulfilled himself as every boy must someday do.

These things were difficult for John to understand. They were in absolute contrast with all the ideas he had ever

had on the subject, but he listened to the wisdom of his father. At length, John protested. He vented his views. He confessed abjectly that he was wrong and that he did not want his father to defend him, or to absolve him of anything.

His father answered: "John, you are my boy. You are the only thing that I have. If you are wrong, I'll tell you that you are wrong. Perhaps it is that you are not entirely right, but you are not entirely wrong either. All kinds of people would say that you are wrong, but those same people have done those same things themselves; but won't admit it. Do what you think is right!"

John went to his room. He thought about it for a long while, and then he went out to walk in the night. His father was right, he thought. His father was right.

The following day, John went to the store as he always did. He worked all day, and before returning home after work, he went to the restaurant for a coffee. In the restaurant, he saw the girl. She was sitting in a back booth with several of the boys from school, and one that he had never seen before. He was angry and jealous, but he said nothing.

The girl flirted with the boys in the back booth. John drank his coffee and left the place.

At home, John was quiet and disturbed. He talked with his father and told him what had happened. His father told him not to worry. He told him to go to the girl and tell her how he felt about her; to tell her that he was sorry and that he had made a fatal mistake.

John, after supper, went to the girl's home. He was admitted to the house and shown into the living room where

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the girl's father sat reading the newspaper. The girl came in presently. She asked John what he wanted and John asked her if he could speak with her in private. She said no. He was blushing and embarrassed, but he was determined that he was not going to fail. He spoke soft and swift, with shame and anger. He told her all the things that his father had told him would be right. The girl then blushed. Her father got up from his chair and left the room. The girl became angry and told him that she had another boy friend and that she never wanted to see him again. The family, in the kitchen, were laughing. John thought that they were laughing at him, and he was filled with hatred. He left.

John went home. He did not stop to talk with his father. He talked very little with his father after that night. He stayed by himself and brooded.

John's marks continued to be above average at school, and he continued to enjoy success in athletics, but there was a hollow within him, and a hatred.

John saw the girl several times with boys, going to shows, sitting in restaurants, driving in cars, but he pretended that he didn't know her. He kept to himself.

Then, one day, John read in the paper that thieves netted over six thousand dollars from a store in town. This thought stuck with him. I'll show her, John thought. He was going to make some money and buy a nice big car, and he was going to pick up girls and drive by where she was.

John knew the grocery store where he worked kept money overnight, and he knew where it was kept. One night, he broke the window of the store, climbed in, took the money and departed. No one had seen him.

The money which he stole was laid away for a time, but soon John went out and bought his car and did the things that he planned, and he had fun. Soon, however, he found himself running out of money, so he went to the store again and took their cash. This kept up for three months, until finally the police apprehended John and he was taken to the city jail.

His father was heartbroken. He went to the jail and told John that he was an awful disappointment, but he said that he wanted him to come home and to forget that anything had ever happened. John's father also went to see the girl and her parents, and the next day the girl went to the jail to see John. He was ashamed, but she was forgiving and sorry. She said that it was all her fault and that if he wanted, she would go back with him when he was released. He wanted.

John's father, who was quite respected in the community, spoke to the court on his son's behalf and effected the pronouncement of a suspended sentence. John went home with his father, and nothing was said about the crime, except that his father told him he had done wrong. If he wanted money he should have come to him.

John finished school and got a good job. He married his childhood sweetheart, but he did not live happily ever after. Things ran smooth for a while; for over a decade, but in 1959 they were faced with a crisis. John's wife was again pregnant, and one of the younger children, of which there were six, had pneumonia. Everything seemed to be swallowing John, so he left his family, taking with him seventy dollars. He went to Toronto and with two other men began to steal; breaking into various merchandising firms, stealing the goods, and selling them to

a 'fence'. Business was good for a while, and John kept sending money home, but then they decided to attempt an armed robbery. They were caught in the act, and John was sentenced to seven years at this penitentiary. He is still here, but declares that he shall never return. He says he didn't know what came over him. He admits that it was stupid and senseless; there was no reason to do it, but he did it. He is not bitter. And although he is ashamed, he is also determined that he is going to return to society, to become a model citizen and make amends to his family.

We hope he does.

PROFILE, a series
of actual Case
Histories of Men
behind these walls
is a unique feature
of the Diamond

EDITORIAL FROM LIFE MAGAZINE, September 12, 1960
THE BABY FOOD CURE

Sheriffs, like other humans, are creatures of habit and, like all specialists the world over have tribal rituals which they go on performing without questioning their value. Few such rituals are more hallowed than putting a troublesome prisoner on bread and water to bring him to his senses.

Then along came Dale Carson, an FBI agent who resigned in 1958 to accept a Florida appointment as Sheriff of Duval County (Jacksonville). Bringing a fresh eye to the problems of sheriffing, he noticed something that other sheriffs, over the ages, had failed to see: the bread and water treatment usually doesn't work. He discovered that young toughs gloried in being punished because it proved how tough they were and they could brag about the bread and water treatment when they got out.

So, ingeniously, Sheriff Carson substituted baby food for bread and water. Now the glory-seekers get strained beef, carrots, beef liver, spinach and applesauce. They eat it because they're hungry but they don't brag about it. "It's no fun," says Carson, "To tell your buddies you're so tough they had to put you on baby food. One day usually gets them on their best behavior."

The jail only has to buy about a case of baby food each month.

"STAGNANT SOULS"

When all is said and nought is done,
Above, the blast of silence cries,
In vast, vivid void, to one:
The tumult hath a deathly sickness,
Comparing life unto a pun.
Shrive! Shrink! It slowly dies.

Poems

By

Inmates

"BETTER SEEDS"

Despair, the cry of sadness,
The moan of most regret,
Of tumult and of madness,
Does to the soul beget;
Driving ever fiercer,
Stifling every sob:
Hearts of millions waver,
And of their blessings rob.
The good, the bad, the noble,
The rich, the poor, the least,
And whither thus, as host
Becoming like unto the beast,
And, running off thus headless,
Throw their hands upon the place,
Where vile black evil finds their face,
Hidden deeply in the dirt,
Fallen, finished, shrunken from the race.

An Inmate

PROTESTANT CHAPEL

DEDICATION SERVICE

by

Perc. H. SMith

The new and beautiful Protestant Chapel at Collin's Bay was officially dedicated on February 26, 1962.

The solemn and colourful ceremony was conducted by the Lord Bishop of Ontario, the Right Reverend K.C. Evans, who was assisted by Canon Anderson, the secretary for the diocese of Ontario.

The chapel was filled to its capacity with both inmates of the penitentiary and approximately eighty honoured guests from various parts of Ontario, who came to hear the dedication and to see the chapel.

Among the guests present were the Honourable E. Davie Fulton, the Minister of Justice, Mr. A.J. McLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. Included also in the audience were members of the judiciary, social and welfare workers and various penitentiary officials.

The warden of the penitentiary, Colonel V.S.J. Richmond gave a short address in which he expressed his appreciation to the Department of Justice for granting the construction of such a beautiful building. Warden Richmond also expressed his appreciation to the inmates of the penitentiary for the fine work they did in the construction of the chapel. The work, we might mention, was done completely by inmate tradesmen under the supervision of the respective instructors.

The inmate choir, under the very capable direction of Mr. Harry Birchall, who for thirty years has been the organist and choir leader at this institution, sang several beautiful hymns.

The dedication service was supervised and directed by Reverend Canon Minto Swan who is the Protestant Chaplain for this institution. Padre Swan, as he is known and called by the inmates, is very proud of his new edifice, and his hopes are that the inmates will take advantage of this beautiful chapel and visit therein at every opportunity, if not to find and speak with the Lord; then at least to find peace, quiet, humility, or whatever they desire to shed a little more light and a little more happiness upon their lives.

The chapel is open to all, that they may seek, and perhaps find.

Utterly astonished, Henry slumped into the chair and stared fixedly at the creature lounging on the overstuffed sofa. Only half visible, the *thing* hardly seemed the demon that the old grimoire had led him to believe would appear at the summons. Except for the haziness which made it difficult to see the creature's form and features, he might well have taken it to be human.

"Well," thought Henry, "nothing ventured, nothing gained." He half rose from the chair and said, "I...uh...I didn't really expect anything to happen, you know...so...I...am rather surprised to see you. But...since we have got this far, there...I mean...there is no reason to retreat. You *are* prepared to make a deal, I suppose?"

"Certainly, sir," answered the *thing*. "Even though there is so little belief in such as myself these days, we still do a rather thriving business...in the usual merchandise ascribed to us. Our terms are *most* generous, and, I believe you will find our services to be conducted in the very latest, modern business methods. Repeat trade, you know. You had something special in mind, sir?"

"Uh, yes," stammered Henry. "I...uh...was thinking of something in the line of a short term lease...rather, hmmm...than the eternity you people seem to prefer. Are contracts of that sort available?"

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"Indeed they are," answered the visitor with what seemed to be a disarming smile. "We have a choice selection of contracts which I believe will meet with your satisfaction. And, all these short term leases carry an option for renewal, with of course, the consent of both parties. Just what is it you have in mind?"

Henry rose with a speculative gleam in his eye, and stated: "My request is rather modest, I believe; I was simply

thinking in terms of, say, fifty years of reasonably happy life with my family, in exchange for an equal time in the service, of... ah-hem, shall we say, your employer? Is such a deal available?"

"Oh, yes," answered the thing, "that would be... the standard 23c contract." He reached up and suddenly from somewhere several sheets of printed paper were produced. "You will wish to read this of course," he sighed, "but I am sure you will find it all in order." Then with a tired laugh he added: "With of course the usual triplicate copies for the local field office, central records, and your own files. Well, red tape, sir, but necessary to satisfy the routine." He shrugged.

Carefully reading over the contract under the letterhead of Afterlife, Inc., Henry stopped, puzzled, as he neared the bottom, and asked: "This clause 3B is rather unusual... 'When the terms of the contract have been carried out by both parties, the status of the party of the first part reverts immediately to what it would have been had this contract not been made.' Isn't that rather unusual?"

"Not really, Mr. Smith," replied the visitor. "We find it rather popular among our clientele who, to use the local idiom, prefer to 'hedge their bets'." Then he added in a sombre tone, "You realize of course that there is nothing in your power that can effect a cancellation of this contract, and rest assured that we are also bound to the letter of it. There are some rather unpleasant consequences, which I will not discuss, that make it necessary that we do not, as you say, pull a fast one. Now, if you will sign on the dotted line, we can put the terms into immediate ef-

fect. Your own pen will be sufficient; the old idea of signing with blood went out with the introduction of modern business procedures. They used to expect it, as they expected a brimstone breathing creature, but these are less superstitious days, and the brimstone would be rather difficult to remove from your furniture. Anyway, to one used to the smog of many of your cities, it would hardly bother you, which was the original purpose, nothing more than to make sure that our client question the necessity of such a serious step."

Then, with what Henry took to be a business-like smile crossing his features, the thing added, "I am rather busy today, Mr. Smith, and you have no doubt had time to consider, so if you could sign, we can dispense with the formalities, and this interview, which must be somewhat unpleasant to you, can be concluded."

With a mounting sense of frustration, Henry considered the history of his past twenty-five years, the succession of minor jobs with little chance of advancement, the ever-mounting bills that seemed hopelessly impossible to pay, particularly after the children were born, and most recently, his discharge from the only job that had seemed to offer any hope, and just because of the devious jealousy of one of his inferiors. Without considering further the consequences, he removed his pen, and before he could change his mind, scrawled his signature on the bottom of the contract. The phantasmal image before him then placed two sets of papers in his pocket, handed Henry a copy, and promptly vanished.

Although Henry was to think of the meeting long and often during the next

few months, it was gradually forgotten as the years elapsed. That the terms were being observed was obvious; his new job in which he rapidly ascended to the position of assistant manager, the gradual payment of all his bills, and his home life that became not only comfortable, but exceedingly happy; as the worries that had troubled him in the past seemed to disappear. In time he nearly forgot all the woes of his earlier years, and the contract that had done so much to alleviate them. He forgot until the day that it was brought forcibly to his attention.

The day started out badly. His wife mentioned at the breakfast table that his youngest son John had brought home a poor report card the previous night, and she demanded that something be done about it. Then he missed his usual bus and arrived at the office in a decidedly unpleasant frame of mind. There, things went from bad to worse when his superior proceeded to literally demolish an advertising campaign which he had been working on for nearly a month. By the time the working day was ended, Henry's usually complacent temper was approaching upon detonation. When he arrived home, he found a note from his wife. This, before he even read it, irked him. He opened it and read: 'Uncle Harry arrived today, and I'm spending the night at his home with the children. Yesterday's leftovers are in the refrigerator, and you can open a can of peaches. Love Mary.' In disgust Henry crumpled the note and flung it angrily in the direction of the wastebasket. He then stormed violently out of the house, slamming the door in his wake.

In a mood of thinly suppressed violence, he strode down the walk. When

he reached the street, he was surprised by the squeak of a thin and girlish voice. "Why, Mr. Smith," said the voice, "how are you?" Turning, he saw Miss White, one of the girls who worked at his office; a girl who, among other things, was noted for her conquests of various male employees. In his frame of mind, it required little suggestion on her part before he found himself inviting her to lunch. Things progressed inevitably from Mr. Smith and Miss White to Henry and Sandra, and when she invited him up to her room for a night cap, no thought of consequences disturbed his mind, and it was with a sense of eager anticipation that he accepted.

Ushering him into her luxuriously furnished abode, Sandra manoeuvred him into a large leatherette covered lazy looking chair, furnished him with and ignited a cigarette, mixed him a tall, cool drink, and, in a tone calculated to raise the temperature of the room by several degrees, murmured, "Let me get into something a bit more comfortable and then... we shall see what develops."

Henry slumped back into the chair and quietly considered the troubles that had beset him that day. His mood became one of accepting things as they came, and of hanging the consequences. At about this point in his thinking, he was interrupted by a soft voice, which, breathing an excited and expectant brazenness, whispered coyly, "How do you like it, Henry dear?"

Looking up, Henry beheld Sandra leaning over his chair, dressed in a diaphanous negligee which seemed to him to set the irreducible minimum of concealment several degrees lower than he would previously have thought possible. Definitely, like this, she was worth a third look and a long, low whistle from

any man in his right mind. Henry proceeded to do both.

Henry reached up, and she proceeded to entwine herself about him, and with his enthusiastic co-operation, attempted to transfer her lipstick and makeup onto him. After one particularly long kiss, she came to the surface for air, and pulling from his grasp, murmured, "No hurry, big boy. Let me catch my breath and mix you another drink." She added gayly, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."

The latter words shocked Henry to a greater extent than a cask of cold water might have. Of all the people in the world, he thought, that he, knowing what was awaiting him in a few short years, should compromise himself in such a manner. Already he had probably ruined his last chance to make the best of a bad bargain. Mumbling half-hearted apologies, Henry rose and made for the door. He turned to see her standing by the liquor cabinet with an expression compounded equally of disgust and wonder written up her face. Henry left.

He walked the dark, quiet streets to his home, berating himself continually for the foolishness that he had perpetrated. Reaching home, he went to bed, but spent a sleepless and particularly unpleasant night thinking of how he had probably ruined the last chance to at least salvage something from his bitter bargain.

For the next several weeks he tortured himself with hollow doubts concerning the consequences of his actions. But with the passage of time it was gradually forgotten until that fatal day, when, while at the office, he received a hysterical and half incoherent phone call from his wife. Amid tears, sniffles,

and coughs, she informed him that their oldest son Doug had been involved in an auto accident and was in the emergency hospital. Dismissing his work as secondary, Henry rushed from the office and tried to shatter all speed records in rushing to his son. Arriving at the hospital, he was told that Doug would live, but that it would be necessary to remove one of his legs above the knee. His wife was half out of her mind with terror, and it required all his love, affection, and patience to calm her down enough so that she could accept the verdict.

When the first shock had passed, Henry began to wonder how such a thing could have happened after the contract he had made. For the first time in thirty-five years, he opened the safety deposit box where the agreement reposed, and carefully perused the document, to discover that it read only 'reasonably happy', thus leaving some doubt about whether a breach of contract might have developed.

After a long and heartbreaking period of convalescence Doug finally recovered, and developed a philosophical acceptance of his handicap, and because of this, the episode became much easier for Henry and his wife to accept. At the time of Doug's graduation as an engineer and subsequent marriage, they had learned to ignore it as one of life's inexplicable and unforeseen intricacies.

When Doug's wife presented him with a daughter, and Henry with a granddaughter, the life of their household settled back into the calm and placid mood that it had been in before, and even Henry's retirement from the office was unusually easy. The couple decided to travel, a luxury which for years they had denied themselves. Still,

Henry, seeing the years rapidly slipping away and time growing shorter with each passing day, was filled with a sense of quiet desperation, and a desire to extract from life every bit of happiness that could be had, while it could still be had.

Try as he might, Henry was unable to make the remaining days go slower. They sped away with the inevitableness of all time, until finally arrived the day he had been dreading nearly all his life. Retiring that night, he was unusually tender to his wife, and when he was unable to sleep, he went down to the kitchen, only to find that familiar figure who had been haunting him throughout his sleepless hours, there awaiting him.

"You are ready?" asked the being, seemingly in a voice of barely suppressed anticipation.

Henry nodded. "I thought it best that I try to act as normal as possible. I wouldn't want to hurt my wife. But . . . everything is settled now, and she will be amply provided for . . . once she gets over the shock. Well," he sighed, "we might as well go." The being held out something that resembled a hand, and Henry grasped it.

There was a period of massive blackness, and the vague sense of travelling enormous distances, and yet not moving at all. Awareness, however, immediately returned to Henry and he noticed that he was in a seemingly ordinary office. The feeling of intense heat permeated the atmosphere, and Henry, with a sinking feeling, realized that the traditional idea of his destination was undoubtedly the correct one.

The other occupant of the room, still only half visible, was seated behind a desk. An aura of power, and possibly menace seemed to radiate from him. He

arose from the desk. "This interview," he said, "is a necessary formality. Classification you might call it. One moment while I get your record so I can make a decision as to where you will be placed during your stay with us. I hope you realize that this is the most comfortable place available. These suburbs are only available to the staff of this establishment."

In spite of the heat, Henry felt a cold shudder running up his spine, and a glance through the window showed a bleak and dismal landscape with drifting fogs and mists. Every once in a while a vaguely reddish flash as of flame seemed to show through the drifting vapours. At such times he thought he could hear, at the strained limits of audibility, wails and shrieks of people in torment. Henry shrank back, but realizing that there was little he could do, he hoarsely rasped, "I expected it to be rather unpleasant, but if we must. . . ."

The being nodded, and glanced over the pages of the record, every once in a while stopping to read more carefully. Finally he spoke: "I must admit this is a rather boring and unadventurous life, with the exception of the interlude with Miss White. But...this is a...a most interesting and amusing interlude, and one that deserves something special from our proprietor. As I note, you have already reached the conclusion that the later incident involving your son does not leave you any alternative to claim breach." He stopped, paused, and then continued, "I have reached my decision, so give me your hand. I am sure you wish to get this over with as soon as possible."

Desperately looking for a way of escape and finding none, Henry complied

and held out his hand. He was shivering again.

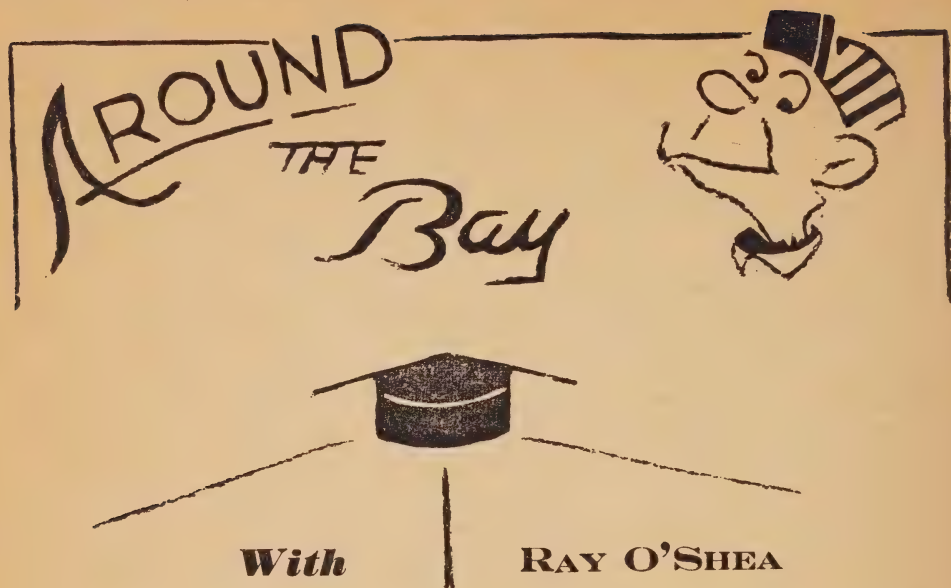
The scene changed, and Henry found himself in a calm and lovely setting with gay sounds as of spring and a sparkling brook running through green hills, all of which seemed to radiate an ineffable glow of peace. Henry turned to find his guide behind him, but now completely visible. The being radiated a feeling of good will, and the lovely pinions opening behind him proved clearer than any words that this surely was no demon.

With a smile of welcome, the angel spoke, "I am sure you will require a word of explanation. Although we are careful not to give any foundation which might raise false hopes, you must realize that what our opposition can do to gain recruits, we can also do. The contract you signed was perfectly valid and legal of course, but did not state that the terms of the contract could not run simultaneously for both parties. Therefore, legally your term has been served, and very well served indeed, I might add. Perhaps you wonder about your son's unfortunate accident? This was your payment for the escapade with Miss White. So now the 3B clause of the contract takes effect. We are only to glad to welcome you to our establishment, and in this case it will be eternity; with your consent."

In a daze Henry nodded. "But...," he stammered.

The angel stopped him short. "All these things," he said, "will be explained later. But now we must begin to prepare a new home for your wife Mary who will be joining you shortly. Shall we go?"

Henry went.



Bay all shook up! Ray too! Thirty eight newcomers arrive within two week period; most of them slated for camp. Says who?— ? Kitchen crew moves from 2-C to Dorm-2. The "wart" enjoys the nearness of a dorm! I just know I left my keys somewhere!

Thanks to 5721 Taylor for the following bits of info: Larry Fairbairn is holding a meeting for all Toronto fans in the sport shack; towels supplied.... E.C. won't tell where the action comes from, but he says he has any team against T.O. in the finals. Rumour has it that the fellows in 3-Block are going to buy Dennis D. a megaphone for t.v. nights?? — Big D.T. wants to know what's with all the old time greats coming out of retirement? (Wat's the matter D? Are you worried about the sports page?) With all the new faces around, Whalen and Leigh alias Lerner (learner-?) and Lowe have scouts out looking for new talent, so keep your mouth shut in the showers, where incidentally, Gord Tait takes his oatmeal? Hear also that in the next show Twinkle Toes Tait and Slim (?) Jim Green are going to do the dance of The Sugar Plum Fairy? Should keep Green happy for another year! Benny B. wants to know what he ever did to deserve all the attention from "legs" Boissenault. Bernie H. has been telling everyone that it is any day now! Who washes the socks and T shirts for 5898? Somebody is soliciting funds to buy the guy in 3-A-39 a radio. Whv?— Mad Mort wants to know why producers don't run an hour of commercials Flintstone style on t.v.??? Answer might be that sane people wouldn't like it. By the way Mort, watch that McDermott. He's thinking of putting a rock in your cell! Don't like that sense of humour, eh? Augie....oh, Augie! Shut

up Beechener! — Jim Armour says that age is finally beginning to reach his legs. Red worried that he wouldn't make the Sinners this year. Don't worry Red. We'll muscle 'em. Greetings and salutations (hope you all freeze) to the satellites (way up north)—Hellos to Fred "The Freeloader" Smith, Mike "Stella" Whiting, Ken "Pheepe" Pfohl, "Grandpa" Goodwin, "Ripper" Martin, Ernie Goodrow, "Blinky" Parkinson, Howie Fox, and Ed "Top o' the mornin'" Roach.

Ray "who am I" O'Shea returns for the final fill in: Hear Earl Gardiner is lost without the clan? John Schultz learning to play dominoes! Wilkinson is nuts! Wayne Sluman still looking for a diet. It's a lost cause Wayne. Just try and stay below a hundred and above ninety! Wally Hughes turned down for camp on selection board. Better luck next time, Wally. Roger Madore has finally lost his limp. We'll see if we can't fix you up with another one next football season, Rog. Back to studying for Billy Connell. Joe Houska cut fifteen heads of hair in one morning! Ha! Is Timmy Archambault going to miss the "jaw", or will "lump" take his place? Ed said he wondered why Larry wanted that light bulb painted! Ha! Who is Merko? Grand prize for the inmate who can best explain in twenty-five words or less who Merko is! Submit all entries to Radio Room! Griese works in the garage! What else is new? For needle point wallets, see Trembley. Hear Chris Naumoff and the chief are the big hook-up. Chief says if his marks improve, he's going to become the brains of the outfit. Bruce Pierce warming up the old arm for ball. Drop in any time for that renewal Bill. Does Boston eat beans? Speaking of Boston; 2-A held their own version of the Boston Tea Party not long ago. Bannach, Ha! Haven't seen Wiggins tossing the pigskin lately. If you don't keep up the practice, Wig, you'll be up on the line again this year. Druce is a farmer?

Greetings far and near: Hi to mom from John McKav, — to brother Bob from Big Larry Fairbairn! Ha! Don Cameron to Sue Wells. Slightly large and temperamental artist; Ed Emsley; sends his love to wife and the kids. Hopes to be home soon. We hope so too (only kidding, Ed). Chuck McCarthy sends love to Marilyn and family. Ed Judoe to Rosemary (sigh). Recent arrival Terry Mackie sends the best to Bob, Doris, and the kids. J.B. send his worst to the world! Doug Harris to "Greasy" Cole. Bill Hardman says that Ray Major is a very quiet person. Good luck to him! Library 2-D-19! Big Roy gets editor in up to his neck! Jazz is too noisy in the mornings, but rock and roll is just right???? Doug Minor very quiet these days! Harv Babin alias Leo the Lion got all his hair cut off. It was going to his head anyway. Cartier better come up with some news or he's finished, and in more ways than one! Doug Marsden in Radio Room. Well Red, cheer up! After all you could have been so unfortunate as to have got hooked up with Hardman. Percy H. Smith, Esq., writes for the Diamond; and very well, we might add. Recent arrival Steve Benning might be a good match for Jerry Marsh if we ever get boxing! Let's have some news on these newcomers? How come they're getting around unnoticed? Spy system is not like the old days, Buy the Diamond! Says who?

Who is Ray O'Shea? He works with heavy tools! Tune in next issue and we'll give you another hint, even though you don't deserve it!.....

A Story

TO

BE

LOVED

Evil!
Sinful!
Abounding in transgression!
It was only a tree.
One tree,
Single and solitary;
Silent.
It was sentenced to death;
To death with its innate evil,
With its sin and its abundance of transgression.
To death....
To satisfy....
It was according to the will of people.
They would put it to the saw.
They would sever it from its life.
It would not complain,
Nor flinch, nor cry, nor snuffle.
It would die;
Silent;
Alone.

by
Peter
Madden

A tree, inanimate and natural to the earth; can, in the minds of men, develop individual characteristics, and to the people of the valley, this was not really a tree, it was the gruesome Caesar. It was a grotesque and grim sentinel which strategically surveyed the entire valley. It was a symbol; a towering, trembling monument of life and its many hardships; of pain and passion, of hope and fear, and of a thousand and more indescribable things. And in the end; in that final, fleeting moment of truth, it was only a tree. It was to silently endure the destruction imposed upon it by man who, despite his fanatic protestations of true belief, is still infested with a polytheistic polluted organism.

Caesar, they thought, was more than just an evil thing; he was the personification of evil; he was evil on earth and of the world. The inhabitants of the dry, clay-floored valley were embittered against the tree; they always had been. They blamed it for plague and pestilence, and for each bitter harm which befell their village. They never came to really know Caesar. They had not the courage to gaze upon his ugly and battered form.

To them he was Caesar, the lone sentinel of harm. He was tall and gaunt and scraggly, standing always alone atop the jagged, barren, ochre-coloured sandstone ridge which hung imperiously aloof, over-looking the sun-baked valley. Dispersed in awkward tiny tufts along the frailer fingers of his frame were specks of weak, but brittle green. His trunk lay open to the wind, branches spread wide. The bark that clung loosely to his weary, bending sides was broken and cracked and mutilated. Some of it was rotten;

crumbling beneath the weight of age until it was nought but dry, brown powder. His limbs, gnarled and knotted; wrinkled and warped, limping, flapping and bending in the wind, hung deathly weightless in the scorching summer sun. And in winter they attempted with heroic determination to withstand the angry, blistering and vacuum-like, breathless cold — that sometimes killed. Through the severest forays of wrath which the elements could muster, he stood defiant. He stood majestic in all misery, vainly struggling to straighten his twisted frame, but restrained by the slow-moving, sagacious mandate of death, which creeps stealthily along until its greedy tenacles encircle the unsuspecting victim, drawing from it the final breath. And, it dies.

But he was only a tree and he must die. He must accept death as he had life — in uncomplaining silence.

Proud in age as once he had been in youth, so Caesar stood even to the end. He was haggard and limp and lame, but he stood proud even to the final second fighting against the saw. They would take no easy life this day.

And what a day! It was a great and brave day for the people of the valley. They were about to destroy the tree; their nemesis would be dashed to its evil eternity, never to return. They would burn its frame and bury deeply its humble remains, and they would rejoice in the death of their evil. Yes, they would rejoice; they would rejoice because after this day they would no longer dwell beneath the dark and menacing shadow of the hanging tree. The spirits of witches would haunt them no more. When this day was done they would never again look upon the

ugliness of Caesar, and they would be able to forget the human horrors of long past; horrors that had thrust, to their thoughtless minds, an omnipotent blanket of deepest darkness over their valley and their lives. This day they would cleanse themselves and flush every remembrance of him from their minds, and they would be happy people again.

All would rejoice; save one.

Tommy Callahan would not rejoice, nor make merry, nor be happy, neither on this fatal day nor a thousand years hence. Tommy would cry. He would lament the loss of a friend, possibly his only true friend, the only image in the world that believed in him and understood him. And, because Tommy would lament, and knew he would lament, he had remained at home when his father and the family and all the people of the valley had trekked up the ridge to slay, burn, and bury the great, ugly tree.

And, Tommy cried.

Through the years Tommy had known belonging, that once in one turbulent lifetime knowledge that it is *here* with *this* that you belong. It was a great and beautiful and swelling feeling, and for some strange reason it was a deep and sorrowful feeling. But, this feeling belonged to Tommy and to no other one. He belonged to Caesar and Caesar belonged to him. He had grown to love and respect Caesar who, to Tommy, had been friend, playmate, and source of strength. He had laughed with Caesar and he had cried with Caesar, and now he would be alone. Now he would be lonely.

Tommy had played in Caesar's gigantic, but weary and gentle arms. They had held him and protected him, and they had never once uttered com-

plaint. Often Tommy thought that he could hear strange whispers exuding from Caesar's enchanted branches, and the whispers carried a magnificent, but forbidden philosophy, and they humbled the anger in the boy, fulfilled the ravenous hollow in him, and made him whole. The silent words of Caesar held him back and away from life among people, those paltry mentors of stagnation upon the earth's fragrant face, those things that were to be pitied rather than scorned, who knew not ever what they did, but instead sucked like parasites upon the ever-present nipple of ignorance and cruelty and self-gratification. As their father had done before them, so would they also take up the crusade, and abide by the ways that had been his ways, never to question the outcome. And this was the way with Caesar, but Caesar was ugly, and he was only a tree, and he must die.

Caesar was not ugly to Tommy. Tommy's eyes could see the hidden beauty, his ears could hear the swishing music of the wind and bough, his hands could feel the soft, but sturdy texture of the fibrous bark, and his nostrils could smell the perspiration odours of a million years of unending toil. To Tommy, Caesar was heroic and beautiful.

Tommy had frequently been punished for playing with Caesar, but this could not deter the boy or dampen his exalted spirit. He always returned, as if some supernatural magnetic force guided him. And maybe, like they said, it was only a tree which was ugly and worn, but it was not evil. It was a being that had become a part of the web which constituted the life of Tommy Callahan. Its weary and knotted bran-

ches and the rope-like fibre of its bark was woven into the web of all life in the valley and into all things that must someday end. And when Caesar died today, a part of Tommy would die with it. The blood that lived in Caesar was a blood that also lived in the boy.

Tommy, alone at his home, began to realize sickness. He could feel the sharp pains jabbing mercilessly into his stomach, and he knew that, at that precise moment, the blade was cutting into the bark of his beloved companion.

He was sick. He was sad. He thought ... No! He knew. He knew that he should be out there; out there upon that desecrated ridge. He, of all living things, should be there to say a kind word, shed a sorrowful tear, or smile a brave smile on behalf of his beloved friend. But he was not there.

The wind and the rain and the sun, and all the beautiful things that were fashioned by the heavy hand of God would no longer hold any joy for Tommy, because they had been a part and parts of the life that he had lived with Caesar, and henceforth they would be but bitter reminders of those golden years. Now Tommy would be alone. Never, he knew, never would he again play with the stupid, thoughtless giggling masses of flesh that were referred to as humans: those fat and pulpy vegetable-like voids. He hated them. They could never compare with Caesar.

Caesar had been real and alive. It is true that he had been on the verge of death for many years, but he refused to leave until his time arrived. He refused to die easily. Tommy could clearly recall the mornings when he had awakened and ran to his window to see if his companion had been injured during the night. And Tommy would greet his beautifully ugly playmate which,

in the early morning, was but a vague and ghostly silhouette. Especially in the winter months did Tommy worry about Caesar. He was constantly frightened lest something might happen to his beloved friend.

And now it was happening. Now they were killing his tree. He wanted to rebel. He wanted to run out and tell them and the whole world what fools they were. He wanted to scream and to curse and to swear, but he had not the courage. They knew not what they were doing. It was only one poor lonely tree and they were severing it from its life. They were playing God.

Tommy was feeling a turbulent nausea now. He could almost feel the saw ripping into his stomach.

He knew Caesar. He loved Caesar. He knew the soft sighs that whimpered through his branches in the summer and he knew the hungry, hurting moans that tore through them in winter. He knew all these things and more, but they were to do him no good; they served him not, for now Caesar was dying. They were murdering him. His blood would be upon their hands.

Tommy was ashamed that he had not gone to stand by Caesar's side; to speak and to pray for his friend in this his hour of need.

Defeat. Tommy was defeated and Caesar was defeated, and, on this day of atrocity, even the heavens seemed defeated.

But Caesar was to die a swift death and perhaps this was not so bad. And Tommy? Tommy would linger on in the brutal and sanctionless manswarm existence, always remembering that he had denied his one piece of life and beauty. And, slowly, day by day, he would die inside.

The pain was there again. It was almost unbearable now. Tommy could almost hear the gnawing voice of the cruel saw. He could hear the murmurs of the crowd of ignorant people who had gathered to cheer the death of Caesar. And Caesar stood in agonized silence. He was only a tree. He had no voice and could not protest. He could only die quietly.

Tommy could hear the ring of the axes now. His eyes filled with tears. Caesar, he knew, was dying. He was dying alone, and Tommy could do nothing.

And ... Tommy was Caesar...and ... Caesar was Tommy...

The sound of the axe reverberated throughout the valley. Soon Tommy would hear the cheer of the crowd. Soon he would see the flames, and he would know that Caesar was dead.

What could he do? He was only a child. They would not listen to him. He did not want Caesar to die, but

what could he do?

The ringing of the axe became louder and louder. Tommy could hear and feel the painful moans of his beloved friend, and the tears welled in his eyes, and his throat grew dry and hoarse, and...he decided.

Tommy took one last look at the scene on the ridge. He said one last, silent prayer, and then, with one fierce, thrusting slash, he plunged and jerked and sliced with his father's razor until he could see the rich, red blood and the multi-coloured intestines gushing forth from his stomach.

There was no pain. There was no defeat.

Slowly Tommy slithered to the floor, falling into a helpless heap of swiftly dying life, and as he did so, he could hear the cracking of Caesar's mighty limbs; he could hear the violent, echoing crash; he could hear the awesome moan of the crowd, and then he could hear no more.

WHEN LOVE IS DONE

The night has a thousand eyes,

And the day but one;

Yet the light of the bright world dies

With the setting of the sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,

And the heart but one;

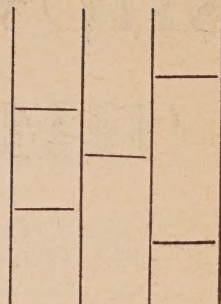
Yet the light of a whole life dies

When love is done

Francis William Bourdillon

MISUSE IS ABUSE

VISITS



Let us first state that the Diamond is an impartial observer.....

Now we will get down to business: Mr. Fred Smith who most of the inmates know as our Deputy Warden intimated to the Diamond editor the other day that unless the inmates cease to abuse their visiting privileges, the institution will revert to the old visiting system. This would mean that the visitors would be screened off from their hosts, and would not be allowed so much as a hand shake.

Recently, according to Mr. Smith, there have been several attempts to smuggle contraband (money, magazines etc.) into the institution. Now the administration can only give so much leeway and then they must assert their position. This, I think is understandable.

Those inmates who are or have been participating in such a manner are not only hampering themselves, but they are jeopardizing the visiting privileges of every inmate in the institution. It only takes a few inmates a few minutes to ruin what it has taken years to build.

We must consider that for centuries the old visiting system was utilized. The institution does not particularly care what system they maintain. It is all the same to them. They can change systems over night without so much as batting an eye. But once such a system is changed, it is extremely difficult to have it returned.

Many of the inmates enjoy the visiting privileges as they are, and I think that all the inmates will agree that the present facilities are hundred percent better than the old method, but if they persist in abusing it, the privilege will be revoked and we will return to the old system.

I have heard it said that a word to the wise is sufficient!

SHOW TIME

Billy O'Connor, Canada's Mr. Showbusiness, visited Collin's Bay penitentiary on Sunday, Feb. 25, bringing with him a fine cortege of talented performers. Billy and his gang offered the inmates and eighty guests from the Kingston area an afternoon of entertainment that they will not forget for some time.

The show, although late starting (some of the performers lost themselves and wound up at the other penitentiaries), was extremely well conducted, especially since most of it was unrehearsed, and with decisions being made on the spur of the moment.

The show commenced in a rather unusual manner. Gord Tait, former inmate committee member introduced old favorite Joe Woodhouse, the local Mr. Showbusiness. Joe, in turn introduced Billy O'Conner, who again, as M.C. introduced the first act of the afternoon which was pretty Miss Betty Reeves.

Betty, a one time Miss North Bay, and completely deserving of this honour, we might add, danced eagerly, but calmly onto the stage, and with a gracious smile, launched the show with the old favorite "This Could Be The Start" after which she sang several other numbers, finally exiting with the memorable novelty number "Ma He's Kissing Me".

The show moved along steadily, but

did not enthrall the audience again until they were introduced to Doug Romaine, a comedian who kept them in triple stitches for a full hour. Doug joked, mimicked, sang, and made trumpet music with his hands, all amid uproarious laughter from the audience.

Following Doug in the line up was Gus Gordon. Gus, formerly a member of the original and very famous Ink Spots, sang several timely numbers in his soft smooth, and obviously professional voice. Gus finished with the very beautiful and intense song from Carousel "You'll Never Walk Alone".

At this point in the show the music boomed and shapely Dez Bailey and her partner flashed onto the stage where they very adeptly displayed the rhythmic, frenzied, and complicated gyrations of limb which constitute the Twist. Watching this display of twisting, no doubt many of the audience wondered what was so much fun about tying yourself frantically in knots, but they must also have wondered at the clean clear rhythm that was contained, even during the most furious of shakes and bounces.

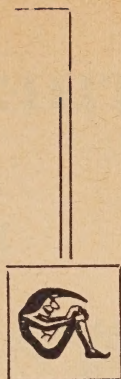
The final act of the show was supplied by Pete Brady and his country cowboys (or something like that!). This group, currently playing at the El Mocambo in Toronto, offered several of their western type renditions between eloquent monologues by the loquacious Pete Brady. They finally ended with the recently popular "Big Bad John".

The grand finale consisted of the aggregate entertainers accumulating front and centre to do a mammoth Twist.

All in all it was a fine show, and we would like to see more like this in the future.



HUMOUR



Wife: "Why do you go out on the balcony when I sing? Don't you like my singing?"

Husband: "It isn't that. I just want the neighbours to see that I'm not beating you."

The chemistry professor was giving a demonstration of the properties of various acids. "Now I am going to drop this silver dollar into this glass of acid. Will it dissolve?"

A student at the rear promptly answered, "No sir!"

"No?" queried the professor with a gleam in his eye. "Perhaps the young man will explain to the class why the silver dollar won't dissolve."

The young student rose to his full height and said, "because if it did, the professor wouldn't drop it in."

A lady went to buy a new hat. She tried on about twenty, until she finally came to one she liked.

"Yes," she said, "this will do nicely. Will you deliver it?"

"I will if you like, madame," replied the assistant, "but I think you should know that its the one you took off when you came in."

In a restaurant a mother asked the waiter to put some left-over steak in a bag "for the dog".

"Oh boy!" cried the six year old son jubilantly. "We're gonna get a dog."

On the opening day of school, aptitude tests were given to a certain eighth grade to see what the students were best suited for. It was found that most of them were best suited for grade seven.

A swimming instructor was explaining the buddy system to a group of beginners at the "Y". He asked, "Does anyone know what a buddy is?"

Answered an eight year old boy, "That's someone who drowns with you."

"I cured my boy of biting his nails."

"Oh, really? How?"

"I kicked his teeth out."

An old mountaineer and his son were sitting in front of the fire, smoking their pipes, crossing and uncrossing their legs. After a long silence, the father said, "Son, step outside and see if its stopped raining."

"Aw, Pa," replied the son without looking up, "why don't we just call in the dog and see if he's wet?"

One youngster, asked what he would like to be when he grew up in this atom age, replied: "alive."

LETTERS

TO THE

Dear Sirs:

Reading the *Letters To The Editor* column of a recent Diamond, I noticed that, when referring to jet age crime, you said that "our penitentiaries are capable of holding any type of criminal — and do." What type of criminals does Collin's Bay hold?

Yours truly,
John Ross.

Dear Editor:

Hope you all lose your jobs!

Mr. Wm. Bani

Editor's Note: Thank you!

Dear Sir:

Please mail me your magazine for one year. I was apprehended in the Toronto courts the other day and told that every lawyer should buy a copy of the Diamond. I don't believe it, but I'll give it a try.

(Name Withheld)

Editor's Note: Has Mr. Shcrag been on the prow!

EDITOR

Dear Editors:

Time has come for me to renew my subscription to the Diamond. I liked your last issue, especially the story about the editor. I think it is wonderful that a man can make fun of himself and his work and his situation in the world. I mean, too often one hears about the hard things of such a place. I think it is refreshing to hear some of the lighter things. Keep up the good work.

Yours truly
Lillian Higdon

Editor's Note: You name it, we've got it!

Editor's Note: Our opinion is that if you laugh at other people, you are leaving yourself wide open, but if you laugh at yourself, there can be no damage done. Unless, of course, the jovial party begins to believe that he really is a comedian.